

The Athens Post.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1863.

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TERMS:

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The Post.

Athens, Friday, March 6, 1863.

From Vicksburg.

RICHMOND, Feb. 26.—The following official dispatch was received to-day:
Vicksburg, Feb. 25.—I have the honor to report, after a severe engagement, the capture of the Federal iron clad steamer Indiana, Lieut. Com'g Brown, U. S. N., together with all her officers and crew, by the Confederate steamers Queen of the West and Webb, forming the expedition sent out by me for the purpose, under command of Major J. L. Brent.
The prize is a good deal damaged.
(Signed,) R. TAYLOR, Major Gen. Com'g.

Another dispatch from Lieut. Gen. Pemberton, announcing the capture, says that the Indiana was sunk on the Mississippi shore, the bow and upper works out, near Mr. Joe Davis' plantation.
The Federal Fleet at Port Royal.
CHARLESTON, Feb. 26.—Our latest advices from Port Royal state that the Yankee fleet now numbers 123 vessels, including three frigates and twenty gunboats—the rest are chiefly transports.

There are 30,000 men collected there, and more expected.
The Harbor of Charleston.
A correspondent of the London Morning Herald gives the following as the result of Lincoln's attempted diabolical revenge upon the city of Charleston because of South Carolina having been the first to declare secession from the Yankee Union. If this correspondent is to be believed the Ape's schemes have failed and the port of Charleston to-day is in a far better condition than it ever was before. The Herald correspondent writes:

We are kept in considerable excitement about vessels running the blockade of the harbor of Charleston, and I will here mention a very curious fact. I suppose I have been in and over the Charleston bar hundreds of times, in all weathers. It was always a nuisance. If in a vessel drawing over ten feet, you had to wait until exact high water, and then you rarely found over 15 to 16 feet on the bar. The Goodwin Sands are not more treacherous than those on the Charleston bar. Well what does President Lincoln? At a very heavy expense he ordered vessels filled with granite to be sunk in the main channel, where there never was 17 feet of water at high or any other tide. The result is astounding. The Cooper and the Ashley rivers, which they pass to the sea on each side of Charleston city and out over the bar, have swept out a ship channel, in no place under 30 feet deep, and in some places there is 60 feet of water where there was only 16 before the vessels were sunk. When peace comes Charleston harbor will be one of the finest in the Southern States. "Man proposes, but God disposes." From nearly round Charleston the water in a channel of 30 feet will make her the second city in the United States in a few years.

The Examiner, alluding to the auction sales in Richmond, says that heavy clothing, flannels, muslins, heavy boots and shoes, and almost all descriptions of winter goods have declined from 25 to 50 per cent.

The Quebec Chronicle picks up its ears at the threat of leaving New England out in the cold, and says: "Maine we want and must get—and perhaps all six of the States may seek to be allies of a Canadian Confederation."

John Fitzgerald, son-in-law of the Yankee Senator Doolittle, committed suicide in San Francisco on the 31st of January. He was a banker, and left property worth \$400,000.

The Petersburg Express learns from intelligent paroled prisoners who came up on the true boat day before yesterday that Confederate notes are received with delight in New York. Merchants do not refuse to take rebel money in exchange for goods they sell. It is held to be as valuable as the U. S. Greenbacks.

There is reliable information that a general Indian war is in contemplation in the Northwest on the opening of Spring. The intelligence comes directly from Fort Pierre and the different Indian rendezvous on the Red River of the North, the Platte, and upper Missouri.

Sherman of Ohio, has made a speech in the United States Senate, advocating a general draft in the North. As he is Lincoln's mouthpiece, this is a great excitement.

Queen of the West—Further Particulars.

The Jackson (Miss.) Appeal of the 21st has the following:
From a gentleman direct from Natchez we have some further particulars of the capture of the Queen of the West. On Wednesday of last week the Queen ran past Natchez and anchored two miles below. The DeSoto followed her, stopping just above the landing, where she destroyed several flat boats and skiffs. From one of the flats she took three boys prisoners who were raised in Natchez. The Queen of the West remained at anchor in protecting distance, while these depredations were carried out by the DeSoto. They both then steamed away together, the boys having been placed on the Queen of the West.

The two vessels proceeded down the river, entered Red river, and at a point near the mouth of the Atchafalaya Bayou, the Queen was captured. They were fired upon at the mouth of the Atchafalaya, by a light battery, when the Captain of the Queen was killed. In revenge, they steamed down the bayou and utterly destroyed six plantations by shelling them. They pressed the pilot of the Era No. 5, who deceived them as to the location and strength of our batteries. One of the boys captured at Natchez heard Col. Elliott repeatedly assert that before he would surrender he would blow the boat up, but when he was fired upon by our batteries, his only anxiety was the safety of his precious person. He was afterwards floating down the river on a bale of cotton. The courier has the following report of the affair:

The engagement lasted about one hour, when 25 of the crew were taken prisoners, 10 or 12 drowned, and Col. Elliott, who was in command of the Queen, cowardly forsook his boat and floated down the stream on a cotton bale. His own crew shot at him for his cowardice. The Queen had on board 6 heavy guns. The DeSoto was scuttled and sunk by her crew, as well as the coal boat in tow. The Era, No. 5, being in possession of the Federal guard below the scene of action, she soon put out to the Mississippi river, bringing with her our informant, Thomas O'Brien, who was aboard in the river on a cotton bale, and who brings this intelligence. About 10 miles below Natchez, the Era, No. 5, met the Federal gunboat Indiana, carrying four 11 inch guns, and about 200 men. Here both boats came to anchor, and our informant made his escape.

Young O'Brien, and two others, were kept on board the Queen of the West as prisoners, during the attack of our batteries. He says that every shell from the Confederate batteries carried destruction to the boat and crew. The first shell completely cleared the gundeck of her men, and the second or third came crashing through her engines, cutting her steam pipe in twain and completely disabling the gunboat. She would soon be got off for repairs.

On the Era, when taken, were two Confederate officers and 25 privates. The privates were paroled.
The victory on Red River was complete. The amount of stores taken is large.
The gunboat taken from the Queen threatened to shoot Colonel Elliott, for his desertion of them and cowardice, whenever they overtake him.

Stephen A. Douglas.

The Mobile Register takes occasion of some reference to past issues to remark: Douglas was the last of the Romans of the United States Senate. He had his faults and great ones. But out of the mist of all his faults, his giant intellect and patriotic spirit loomed grandly up. He loved his country, typified by the old Government and Constitution, amounted to an idolatry; and when he saw it about to pass away in the storm and darkness of revolution, his big heart was broken. The disruption of the Union was the knell of his death.

The day that the Southern Commissioners left Washington, en route for the South, a telegraphic dispatch was received by their confidential agent in Washington, and forwarded to them at Baltimore, from General Beauregard at Charleston, informing them that he would open fire at four o'clock the next morning upon Fort Sumter. This gentleman met Judge Douglas on the Pennsylvania Avenue and communicated the intelligence to him. Our informant stated that his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "I shall not, and you may not live to see the end." For all that happened after his gigantic efforts in the Senate to stay the madness of the Lincoln Government, had failed, he is not responsible. He gave himself up to a tenderer whose victims are marked on the grave-stones of the great in intellect all over the land. It was under the spell of this destroyer that he was dragged to the hustings to make that whole speech in Illinois which belied his whole public history, and left the only stain that sullies his fame as a statesman.

An Impatient Man.

The Louisville Journal says:
If there is a surgeon or physician in the world especially famed for his treatment of paralysis, we hope the Government will hunt him up and send him to the army of the Potomac.

Intelligence.

It should be necessary only to grow old to become more indigent. We seldom see a fault committed that we have not committed ourselves.

The survivors of the crew of the ill-fated Monitor have arrived in New York. In a card in the New York Herald, they say: "We are thirty-six in number, and since the loss of the vessel have not received one cent of the money due us. We are without beds, and were sent here without half the amount necessary to defray our expenses. Is this proper treatment for the crew of the Monitor?"

The Raleigh (N. C.) Standard, says that Wm. Paylor, Esq., of Person county, is a true patriot. He sells his wheat to soldiers' families at \$1.25 a bushel, and corn at \$3 per barrel, and that while distilleries are offering \$20 a barrel for whisky, he offers it for the Government.

Two Masters.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

It is as true of the Government of States as individuals that "no man can serve two masters." The complex system of the late Union, the compromise by which its founders undertook to establish two Sovereignities—that of the Federal Government and that of the States—borne within itself elements of inevitable disruption. If they had built up a consolidated Government, or if they had built up its opposite, in terms so plain that he who runs might read, there could have been no such war as this. But they undertook to harmonize both theories, and to construct an organic law which Federal and State-rights men should each recognize as embodying their own ideas of Government. The consequences are now before us; but terrible as they are, they will not be without their uses if, in our own Republican experiment, we avoid the rock on which the United States have gone to pieces.

The question between consolidation and State-rights distracts the public mind at this time; for if there is any one thing clearer than another it is the intention that this Republic shall be a league of sovereign States, and its Confederate government a subordinate agency for the execution of expressly granted powers. But the legislation of the country must be framed in accordance with this theory, or we shall have a new Constitution gradually and insensibly created, which will become practically the Constitution, and with the recognized tendencies to centralization will ultimately involve us in the same tribulations from which we are now suffering. Let us have one thing or the other—a consolidated Empire, or a mere League of independent States, confederate for certain common purposes, and having in its general government a common agent, the recognized subordinate and inferior of the Sovereign States. Either make the tree good, and its fruit good, or the tree corrupt and its fruit corrupt. Let us have one thing or the other, and not delude ourselves and ruin our posterity by attempting to build up such a contradiction and absurdity, such an infernal machine and magazine of explosives, as the Government of the United States.

The Southern Soldier.

The Cincinnati Enquirer contains a long letter from the special correspondent of the London Times, dated from Culpepper Court-house, Virginia. We have only room for one extract:

"Meanwhile in the shelter of the dense woods about Culpepper, in wonderful spirits, with physique inflexibly improved since the bloody day at Sharpsburg, are clustered the tattered remnants of the South. It is a strange thing to look at these men, so ragged, slovenly, sleeveless, without a superfluous ounce of flesh upon their bones, with wild matted hair, in medicaments' rags, and to think when the battle flag goes to the front, how they can do it. 'There is only one attitude in which I never should be ashamed of your seeing my men, and that is when they are fighting.' These were General Lee's words to me the first time I ever saw him; they have been confirmed by every other distinguished officer in the Confederacy. There are triumphs, and again they have triumphed successfully, in this war, which have never been attempted by their Sybarite opponents. Again and again they have stormed batteries formidably defended at the point of the bayonet; nothing of the kind has ever been attempted by the Federals. Again and again has General Stuart's cavalry surprised Federal camps at night; no Confederate camp has been surprised since the beginning of the war. One or two regiments of these tattered men will stand firm, though attacked by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and will constantly, under such circumstances, successfully hold their ground. Reverse the conditions and see how long Federal regiments would bear such a brunt."

Lastly, even small bodies of these men, under a favorite commander like "Stonewall" Jackson, have again and again thrown themselves on the flank or rear of immense armies of the Federals and done desperate execution. There has been anything of the kind ever been attempted by their opponents. It is never a source of wonder and admiration to the observer to see these men, so miserably fed, so destitute of blankets, and yet so cheerful and light-hearted under every privation, so resolute and indomitable in suffering and in doing, so irresistible in every day life, which no man can watch without improvement and advantage. Say what anybody likes, these are the true heroes of the memorable struggle for Southern independence. No one would wish to deny to the commanding Generals their full meed of praise for the conduct of operations on the field; but they would be the last man to deny that higher praise is due to the suffering but indomitable rank and file who have borne cold and hunger and inadequate food and endless privations without a murmur, and yet have never bated a jot of heart or hope.

One of Major General J. E. B. Stuart's servants is in captivity, glorifying in his Southern proclivities, and declaring that he will "die fust 'fore he'll take the oath of allegiance." The same darkey, the morning after the passage of the negro regiment bill, told his fellow prisoners that the white men of the North had found themselves unable to whip the Southern Confederacy, and had to call on the "nigger."

On the 14th inst., \$19,000 in bills on Georgia, South Carolina, Alabama, etc., banks, sold in Memphis at 95 cents. Another lot of \$1,500 went off at 97 cents.

Romance and Reality of the War.

The Holly Springs correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat narrates the experience of a cotton buyer among the Mississippi guerrillas, as follows:

The experience of Mr. Cones, who was "gobbled" as it is now called, near LaGrange, five or six weeks ago, was relieved by some flashes of humor which may be an apology for the very emphatic language which was used by the actors.

Cones, in company with two or three other buyers, had brought some cotton out to Moscow, twelve miles from LaGrange, just before our army marched from the latter place, and as Gen. Quinby's division had just removed from there, they thought the sooner they got the cotton to LaGrange the better; consequently four of them, besides the driver of the teams, started out after it. Cones was the only one of the four who was not armed, and was not on horseback, he was in one of the wagons. They succeeded in getting the cotton and hurried back until they came in sight of the Union pickets at LaGrange, and then Cones's three friends, thinking the teams were out of danger, left him and rode on into town.

Only two or three minutes after they had left, and as the wagons went down into a hollow, out of sight of the pickets guards five guerrillas dashed out of the woods and were alongside in an instant. Halt! Every one of the teams halted as though they had run against a stone wall. The next instant the muzzles of a revolver were at the ear of every one of them. Cones included, who was riding on the cotton.

"Are you armed?" asked the guerrilla who held his pistol at Cones's head.

"No, sir."

"Then get down and unbind them mules, and turn 'em round d-d quick!"

It was done in the time specified.

Guerrilla—"Have you a match? I want to go off this cotton."

Cones—"No, sir. I am glad to say I haven't."

Guerrilla—"Then get onto that mule quick!"

In an instant Cones was mounted on what he says was "a wonderful sharp-backed mule."

Guerrilla giving the mule a terrific slash with the riding whip, "Now, d-d you, lick them mules up! Make 'em go! Give 'em thunder!"

And away they went at a pace, which to Cones, on his razor back mule, he thought must split him in two before many miles, three guerrillas behind lashing the mule at every jump. Five miles or more they went at this pace, and not another word has been spoken by any one, when they turned out of the main road into an old and unfrequented road, that wound its zigzags through one of the densely wooded creek bottoms. "Halt!" said the guerrillas, and he who gave the command commenced hurriedly to relieve himself of some of his accoutrements, as though he was about to go to work in earnest at some devilish deed.

The place was lonely and fitting to such a deed, and Cones says he felt a cold sort of chill run down the full length of even his long legs.

Guerrilla—(drawing the cork of his canteen)—"You look like a pretty d-d good feller. Let's take a drink; and for fear you might think this pizen, I'll drink first!"

And suiting the action to his words he placed the canteen to his lips, and turned his face up in the position of one making astronomical observations. After a long pull, he passed the canteen over to Cones, who thought it "mightn't be pizen," and imbibed.

Guerrilla—"Now, d-d you lick up them mules; give 'em thunder! Hurry up!"

And each injunction he emphasized on the rear of the flying mules with his whip. They bivouacked on a thick that night, but early next morning began their journey at the same pace, and in the evening of that day they galloped into a large looking camp, which turned out to be the nest of Richardson and his guerrillas, laid within a few miles of Fort Pillow. In a few minutes Cones was marched up before Col. Richardson. After a number of questions, as to what was his business, whether he had not served against the Confederate States, etc., Richardson said:

"Well, sir, I'll parole you."

At the mention of parole the guerrilla who had been the most prominent in the capture, and had invited Cones to drink, began to remonstrate.

Guerrilla—"Why, Colonel, you ain't a going to parole that d-d cotton buyer, are you?"

Richardson—"Well, I've got to parole him or shoot him; and (turning to Cones inquiringly) you'd rather be paroled than shot, hadn't you?"

Cones—"Yes, d-d if I hadn't; but I don't want to take another such a ride on that mule."

The parole was then written, and, much to his astonishment, without being asked if he money and watch, he was told that he was at liberty to walk back to LaGrange, forty miles. In an hour afterwards he started, and soon after leaving the camp he was startled by the command "halt!" He halted, and out stepped the guerrilla who had been most prominent in his capture, and who had gone away sulky because the Colonel would not shoot "that d-d cotton buyer," instead of paroling him.

Cones was unarmed, and began to have serious apprehensions of what was to follow, when the guerrilla said: "Old feller, let's take a drink!" Cones's heart felt lighter immediately. So did the canteen.

An illustration of Yankee courage and acuteness was afforded by a prisoner's reply, during the battle of Fredericksburg, to the question: "Why the Yankees always throw down their guns when they ran or retreated, thereby losing their only weapon of defence?" He said, if he was caught, it made no difference; and if he escaped without his gun, he was sent to the rear, and would have to fight no more that day.

The Ex-Queen of Naples resists all the persuasions which have thus far been used to induce her to return to her husband, but she vows she will not, and means to sue for divorce. She is in love with another nice young man—that's what he matters.

"Free Americans of African Descent" in Arkansas.

Correspondence of the Chicago Times.
HELENA, January 18, 1863.

Since the 1st of January the children of Ham are having a hard time of it. They are free, with no one to care for them, nothing to live on, half clothed and worse fed. God only knows what will become of the poor creatures.

Col. Bussey, post commandant, is a true gentleman and well liked. Prompt, courteous and business like, he is a good man for the position. Every day negroes are coming into camp with their little bundles, claiming protection and food. Thursday afternoon the following actual event took place:

J. B. Pillow, brother of the rebel General who has a beautiful plantation a few miles from Helena, and who was worth half a million of dollars previous to the war, came into camp with his little wife, one hundred and eighty-three negroes, of both sexes and of all ages. At the head of his servants, who followed in a single file, he walked to the Colonel's headquarters, where the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, sir."

"Where is the commandant of the post?"

"Before you, sir."

"Well, Colonel, here is my small charge, in the shape of free American citizens of African descent, which I deliver over to you. Here is a correct list of their names, ages, sexes, and occupations. Please send them on to the President, with my compliments, and say to him that, if he wishes anything else under my roof, on my grounds, or in my pocket, all he has to do is to ask and receive."

"Mr. Pillow, I cannot receive these people, I have no food for them—have nothing for them to do—have not food enough for our soldiers, hardly."

"And I cannot use them. I had bacon to keep them on, but it has been stolen. I had corn, but it has been gobbled. I have nothing for them to eat, and, as Lincoln has turned this army into a nigger boarding house, you will please seat these people at your table."

"But I have no such power."

"Then give them work. If you fail to manage them, I will teach you. The art can be learned in about thirty years."

"Well, I can't take them."

"Nor have I. You will not see them starve, I hope. I am a loyal man—have been a prosperous one, but can no longer care for these people. You have surely some use for them. Nearly all trades are here represented among the men. The women you can find use for somewhere."

"Well, I can't take them."

"My God! what will they live on? Can you sell me corn and bacon? They will starve unless you do."

"No, I cannot."

"And you cannot keep them!"

"No."

"Well, God only knows what will become of them."

At the head of his old servants he left, and the free people followed him back, crying and wondering what next will come in their behalf. The poor creatures come into camp, steal provisions, etc., are kicked and cuffed about by all hands, at times most unmercifully pounded by some soldier who will not stand their "sass." The only idea ninety-five of every hundred of slaves have of freedom is ease, freedom from labor, theft, and lust.

Punch on Butler.

After quoting from the Times that Beas Butler has "tasters" to prove the harmlessness of his ragouts, wears a coat of mail, etc., Punch says:

How pleasing to know that the Yankee Haystack lives in continual fear of the life which he deserves to lose! But it is to be hoped that nobody will assassinate him; because, if half of the tales of his atrocities are true, his blood ought not to be shed by bullet or dagger, or carried with complimentary poison. Butler's circulation should be arrested by a legal ligature; at least it is right that the law should be finished by that means on the person of any malefactor or monster. Judith would not have cut Holofernes' head off if she had any reasonable expectation that he would come to be hanged. So, long live General Butler in dread of assassination with the probability of the gallows looming in the distance! Butler did many times before their deaths; so let them, and serve them right.

Pleasing Everybody.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such a man ever succeeded we should like to know it. Not that we believe in a man's going through the world trying to find beads to knock his head against—disputing every man's opinions—fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions—so have you—don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you less for maintaining it; or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of winds or weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle, and twist, that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind; but having made it up, stick to it.

True Piety.

True piety does not require that you shall, while at Church, keep your hands so tightly clasped in prayer as to be unable to open them when the contribution box is brought to you.

"Let every man woman and child at home," says our cotemporary of the Mobile Register, "with a yard square of ground, scratch it and put it in corn. Every grain carefully entrusted to the fruitful earth is a mite of contribution to the Nation's liberty. Every acre of cotton planted, is a comfort to our enemies, and a nail in the coffin of Confederate independence."

Sir Robert Peel.

Sir, Robert Peel, member of Parliament and Chief Secretary for Ireland, has made a public speech in England, in which he recommends Lord Palmerston to recognize the South. We quote a paragraph or two from his speech. Referring to the American war, he said:

The mind of every Englishman was turned to the fratricidal, stupendous and most unfortunate war in America, and they would gladly, without interfering personally see the termination of that struggle. He was one of those who hoped, as an individual, to see the States ultimately become separated and independent of each other—(cheers)—but he was convinced that such a course would tend to further the emancipation of the slaves. (Cheers.) For this simple reason: If they saw the continent again united they would be confirmed in the state of things which existed before the breaking out of the war. Then there was the solemn and memorable proclamation of President Lincoln, in which he said: "You are rebels, your slaves shall be emancipated, but you States that remain united shall keep your slaves!" (Cheers.) He said that if they followed the course of the battles which had taken place, they might almost fighting for the South. At all events the courage, vigor and patriotism with which the South had fought were certainly a strong proof of the existence of a feeling on the part of the South that they were fighting in a good and true cause. He could wish very much that there was a patriot in the Northern States of America who would address President Lincoln, and press upon him the folly of persevering in the war which he had commenced. He had been reading just previously to coming to the meeting, a speech of Lord Chatham, which he made in the House of Lords, and which might now, in 1863, be most aptly placed in the mouth of some Northern patriot. In 1776 America declared its independence of Great Britain, and in 1777 an address of congratulation was brought up in the House of Lords and intended to be presented to his Majesty upon his progress of the war, and to show how ready the people of England were to back it up, and on the occasion Lord Chatham, although infirm, went down to the House and said: "Let us open our eyes to the disaster which threatens us. The people whom we have spurned as rebels is now our avowed enemy. We have not to rage war against bandits and against brigands, but against undaunted and virtuous patriots. You cannot make them respect you. You call them rebels. What are they rebels for? Surely not for defending their unquestionable right. Your trade languishes, your taxes increase, your revenues diminish; gold at this moment is at forty-two premium. And why? Because you wish to continue this cruel, vindictive and self-destructing war. Their subjugation is not to be acquired by force of arms; their affection may be acquired by reconciliation and justice." (Cheers.) Those very words, continued Sir Robert, they were spoken in 1777 by Lord Chatham, were applicable to the war in America at the present moment. He believed, as he had said, that emancipation was more likely to follow separation than union, and he should, as a member of Parliament, be glad to be able to look back to 1863, and say that he belonged to a Government, headed by a man who was the most popular statesman that ever ruled the destinies of England, which, by acknowledging the independence of the South, led also to the emancipation of the slave. (Cheers.)

A Detestable Character.

The slanderer has ever been regarded as a most detestable character, and the person who commits the iniquity must expect the severest retaliation. Few would err in this respect, if they would but consider that they provoke the same conduct in others that they exhibit themselves. We are none of us immaculate; and the most irreproachable cannot afford to fling a stone at a neighbor. Indulgence in scandal of any kind is a disgraceful occupation of time, and tends in no small degree to vitiate the heart and weaken the understanding. It is the pastime of the idle and corrupt, and no virtuous man or woman will stoop to it. Based on falsehood, calumny and envy, it exposes those who commit it to similar treatment, at the hands of those whom they have detracted and in the end it becomes a contest between the parties who shall be the cleverest and most rapid inventor, and the most unblinking detractor.

The Jackson Mississippi of the 11th says:—"Among the distinguished guests, now temporarily located at 'the Flag of the Union,' is a dried up specimen of humanity who rejoices in the sobriquet of 'Monkey Jew.' It is alleged, that for the trifling consideration of sixty thousand dollars, he agreed with the Yankees at Baton Rouge, to have all the guns at Port Hudson, La., well spiked, so that the Federal fleet could pass up the river, and connect with their brethren at Vicksburg. By some means or other he fell among our soldiers who packed him away for future reference. A single glance at his hardened phiz, would go far to convince a theologian as to the doctrine of total depravity. He is now anxious to be released on a writ of habeas corpus. We hope, however, he may be hung out to dry."

Two twin brothers have just died near Rouen; they were born the same day, baptized the same day, confirmed the same day, communed the same day, married the same day, and died the same day and hour, at the age of seventy.

A Liverpool paper of December 4th says: During the past month eight thousand bales of cotton rags have been bought in this market, and three thousand bales in London for shipment to the United States.